

# I CANNOT BEAR TO SAY GOODBYE

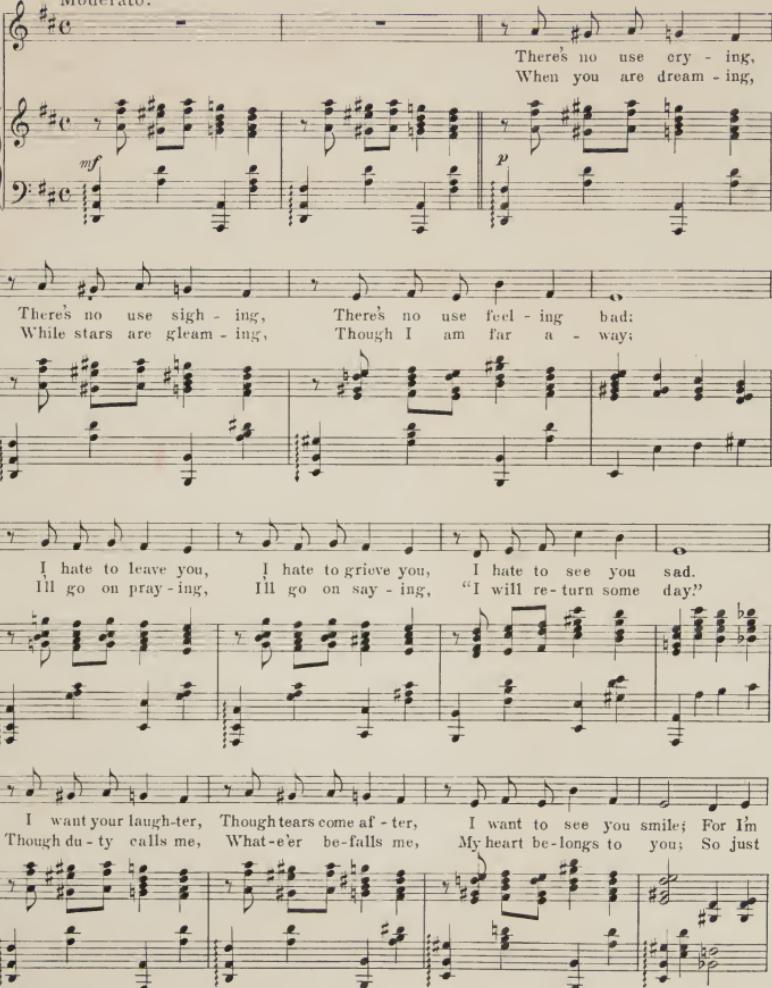


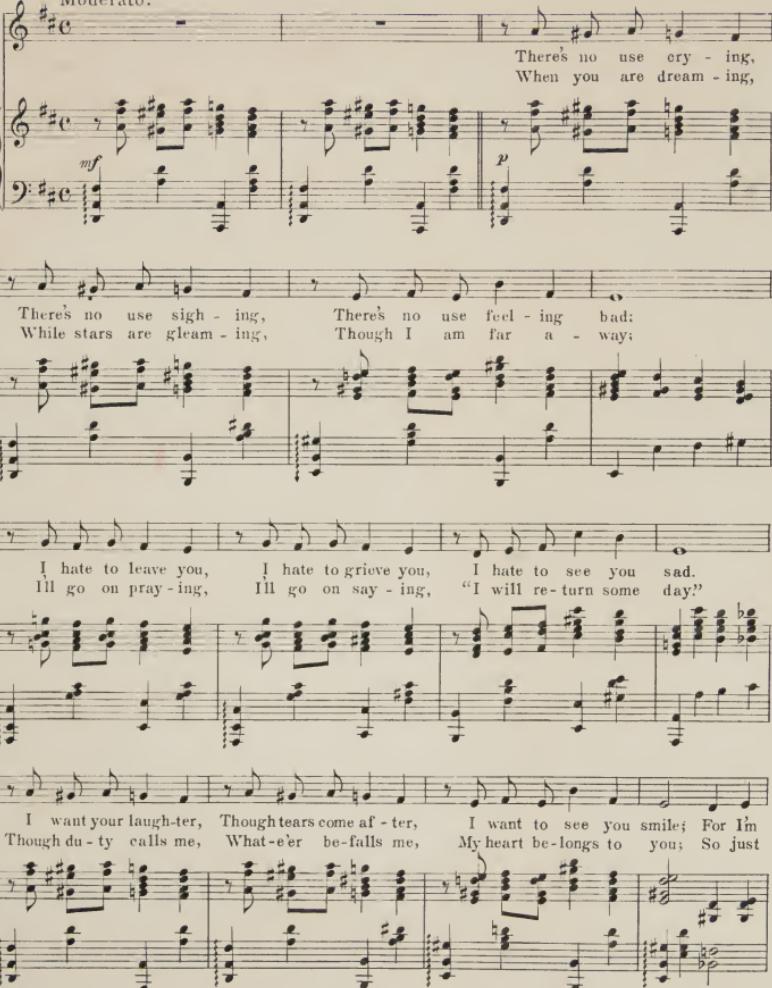
WORDS & MUSIC  
*by*  
ANITA OWEN

# I Cannot Bear To Say Good-Bye

Words and Music by  
ANITA OWEN

Moderato.

VOICE      

Piano      

There's no use cry - ing,  
When you are dream - ing,

There's no use sigh - ing,      There's no use feel - ing bad;  
While stars are gleam - ing,      Though I am far a - way;

I hate to leave you,      I hate to grieve you,      I hate to see you sad.  
I'll go on pray - ing,      I'll go on say - ing,      "I will re - turn some day."

I want your laugh - ter,      Thought tears come af - ter,      I want to see you smile; For I'm  
Though du - ty calls me,      What - e'er be - falls me,      My heart be - longs to you; So just



woman feels dis - tress'd to weep on man-ly chest, A  
 gether we will dance and in my ears per - chance, You'll

mo-ment of re - lief se-cures, Ho Weep on my man-ly chest! It's yours, Oh Ce-  
 whis-per words of com-fort sweet, Ho My mind to cen-tered on my feet. Oh Ce-

ci - lia, don't make those eyes at me. Oh Ce - ci - lia,

there's no ne - ces - si - ty, For I'll help you great-ly if I'm

let, — She With a due re - gard for et - i-quette, Ah!  
 — She. Poor Ce - ci - lia, a friend in you has found. He. Let me  
 sooth you, I'd like to show you'round, You may count on  
 me not to go too far, You al - so may trust Ce-ci - li - a.

goin'-to miss you, Just let me kiss you, 'Twill com-fort me a - while.  
 Try to be cheer-ful, And don't be fear-ful, The clouds are lined with blue.

Refrain. Slowly.

I can-not bear to say good-bye, I can-not bear to see you  
 cry, For I am go-ing "o-ver there" be-cause I want to do my  
 share, I'll keep your im-age in my heart, And pray we'll meet to nev-er  
 part, Though du-duty calls and fate says love must wait, I can-not bear to say good-bye,

rall

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# IRVING BERLIN'S BUGLE SONG OH! HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING

— BY —

IRVING BERLIN

Chorus.

The sheet music features a vocal line in soprano clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics for the chorus are: "Oh! how I hate to get up in the morn-ing, Oh! how I'd love to remain in bed; For the hard-est blow of all, is to hear the ba-gue call; You've got to get up, you've got to get up, you've got to get up this morn-ing! Some day I'm call; You've got to get up, you've got to get up, you've got to get up this morn-ing! Oh! boy the". The piano part includes dynamic markings like *sf*, *ff*, *attaca*, and *p*.

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